May offer, but not hold.
ARCH. 'Tis very true;—
And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.
MOWB. Be it so.
Here is returned my lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

WEST. The prince is here at hand: Pleaseth
your lordship,
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies?
MOWB. Your grace of York, in God's name then
set forward.
ARCH. Before, and greet his grace:—my lord,
we come.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, *the Archbishop,*
HASTINGS, *and Others; from the other side,*
Prince JOHN *of* LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND,
Officers and Attendants.

P. JOHN. You are well encounter'd here, my cou-
sin Mowbray:—
Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop;
And so to you, lord Hastings,—and to all.—
My lord of York, it better showed with you,
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you, to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text;
Than now to see you here an iron man [2]

[2] — an IRON man,] Holinshed says of the Archbishop, that